

Foreign Fields

Panzerchrist

Old man do war
They do it well
Feeling maps
With bunkered hands

Foreign fields

It's all they can
Through flaccid nights
These warriors

Seldom sleeps
Armoured vests
Smart suits
Smiles fixed
Like Bayonets

From the hideaways
Heroic memo
Fire-Fire lives
On Foreign fields

In snug cathedrals
Under skeletal flags
They pray for peace
And body bags